

THE
PLAIN T
Mary OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN,
K IN
LATIN and ENGLISH.

The Musick Compos'd by
SIGNOR PERGOLESÌ.

DUBLIN:

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MDCCXLIX.

PLANCTUS BEATÆ VIRGINIS.

D U E T.

S TABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta Crucem lacrimosa,
Dum Pendebat Filius.

S O N

Cujus Animam Gementem,
Contristantem & dolentem,
Pertransiuit Gladius.



D U E T.

O quam tristis & afflicta,
Fuit illa Benedicta,
Mater unigeniti.

S O N G.

Quæ mærebat & dolebat,
Et tremebat cum videbat,
Nati Poenas incliti.

D U E T.

Quis est Homo qui non fletet,
Christi Matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio.

Quis

THE
PLAIN T
OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

D U E T.

UNDER the World-redeeming Rood
The most afflicted Mother stood,
Mingling her Tears with her Son's Blood.

S O N G.

As that stream'd down from ev'ry Part;
Of all his Wounds, she felt the smart:
What pierc'd his Body pierc'd her Heart.

D U E T.

Who can with tearless Eyes look on,
When such a Mother, such a Son
Wounded and gasping does bemoan;

S O N G.

O worse than Jewish Heart that shou'd
Unmov'd behold the double Flood,
Of Mary's Tears and Jesus Blood.

D U E T.

Alas! our Sins they were not his,
his attoning Sacrifice:
or which he bleeds, for which he dies.

When

Quis non posset contristari,
 Piam Matrem contemplari,
 Dolentem cum filio;

D U E T.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
 Vidit Jesum in Tormentis,
 Et Flagellis subditum.

S O N G.

Vidit suum dulcem natum,
 Morientem, dolentem,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

S O N G.

Pia Mater Fons Amoris,
 Me sentire Vim doloris,
 Fac ut tecum lugeam.

D U E T.

Fac ut ardeat Cor meum,
 In a nando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

D U E T.

Sancta Mater istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige Plagas,
 Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Pænas mecum divide.

Fac

*When Graves did open, Rocks were rent ;
 When Nature and each Element
 His 'Torments and her Grief resent ;*

D U E T.

*Shall Man, the Cause of all his Pain,
 And all her Grief, shall sinful Man
 Alone insensible remain ?*

S O N G.

*Ah pious Mother teach my Heart
 Of Sighs and Tears the holy Art ;
 And in thy Grief to bear a Part.*

S O N G.

*That Sword of Grief which did pass thro'
 Thy very Soul, O may it now
 One kind Wound on my Heart bestow.*

D U E T.

*Great Queen of Sorrows ! in thy Train
 Let me a Mourner's Place obtain,
 With Tears to cleanse all sinful stain,*

D U E T.

*To heal the Leprosy of Sin,
 We must the Cure with Tears begin
 All Flesh corrupts without their Brine.
 Refuge of Sinners, grant that we
 May tread thy Steps ; and let it be
 Our Sorrow not to be like thee.*

(6)

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,

Donec ego vixero.

Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,

In planctu Desidero.

Virgo Virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,

Fac me tecum plangere,

S O N G.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis ejus fortem,

Et plagas recolere,

Fac me plagis vulnerari,

Cruce hac inebriari,

Ob Amorem Filii.

D U E T.

Inflammatum & accensum,

Per te virgo sum defensus,

In die judicii

Fac me cruce custodiri,

Morte Christi præmuniri,

Confoveri Gratia.

D U E T

Quando Corpus morietur,

Fac ut Animæ donetur,

Paradisi Gloria.

A M E N.

O may the Wounds of thy dear Son
 Our contrite Hearts possess alone,
 And all terrene Affections drown.
 These Wounds which now the Stars outshine,
 Those Furnaces of Love-divine ;
 May they our drossy Souls refine.
 And on us such Impressions make
 That we of suff'ring for his sake,
 May joyfully our Portion take.

S O N G.

Let us his proper Badge put on ;
 Let's glory in the Cross alone ;
 By which he marks us for his own.
 That when the last Assizes come
 For ev'ry Man to hear his Doom,
 On his right Hand we may find room.

D U E T

O! hear us Jesus! Jesus hear
 Our humble Pray'rs, secure our Fear,
 When thou in Judgment shalt appear.
 Now give us Sorrow, give us Love ;
 That so prepar'd we may remove
 When call'd from this to the blest World above.

A M E N,

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